

Baxter Springs News

CHAS. L. SMITH, Editor & Owner.

BAXTER SPRINGS - KANSAS

Switch your order to buttermilk and keep cool.

The demon of the air is busy these days reaping his gruesome harvest.

The man who doesn't worry is generally a man with nothing to worry about.

This season's most popular song seems to be just as inane as its predecessors.

Notwithstanding their heavy fur coats, the bears are active on the stock exchange.

This would be a happy, happy world if garden truck could be raised as easily as dandelions.

If thy tight collar grievously afflicteth thy neck, take it off. Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

During the heated term, however, it is perfectly safe to indulge in light exercise, such as swatting flies.

New York is booming itself as a summer resort and here and there we understand people are falling for it.

The new flag of forty-eight stars points with pride, confounding superstition, to the fact that it started with thirteen.

Excitable people should not talk politics during the hot weather. There will be cool days for that sort of thing presently.

Newport lately had a lobster famine, from which it appears that the rich also have their share of the sufferings of life.

Speaking of family tangles, the Ohio man who married his son's widow now knows how it feels to be his wife's father-in-law.

Perhaps Rudyard Kipling's latest magazine story was worth a dollar a word, but personally we would rather have the \$5,000.

A medical authority informs us that there are only 146 lepers in the United States, but in the matter of leprosy, a little goes a long way.

A historian breaks into print with the claim that the liberty bell is a fake. All of which goes to show how easy it is to break into print.

The New York police department has been enlisted in the fly-swatting campaign. Now every member of the force can boast that he is a fly cop.

A foreign count now visiting this country says that he has found only one real gentleman in the United States. How much does he owe him?

Burglars broke into a London jail and stole the warden's money from his office desk. After this, it is not quite fair to say the British have no sense of humor.

The death rate of New York has been reduced one-half since 1866. But then most of the visitors in New York manage to get back home before they die.

People who have waited to buy a flag until all the stars were on may spend their money without hesitation now. The 1912 model is likely to stand for a good many years.

A man in Germany was sent to jail for turning the face of a bust of the emperor to the wall. The less majesty business, which languished for awhile, must be looking up.

Why go away for the summer when there is a perfectly good one at home?

What is the connection between holidays and accidents? Is it that things are rushed or because the holiday spirit is a reckless one?

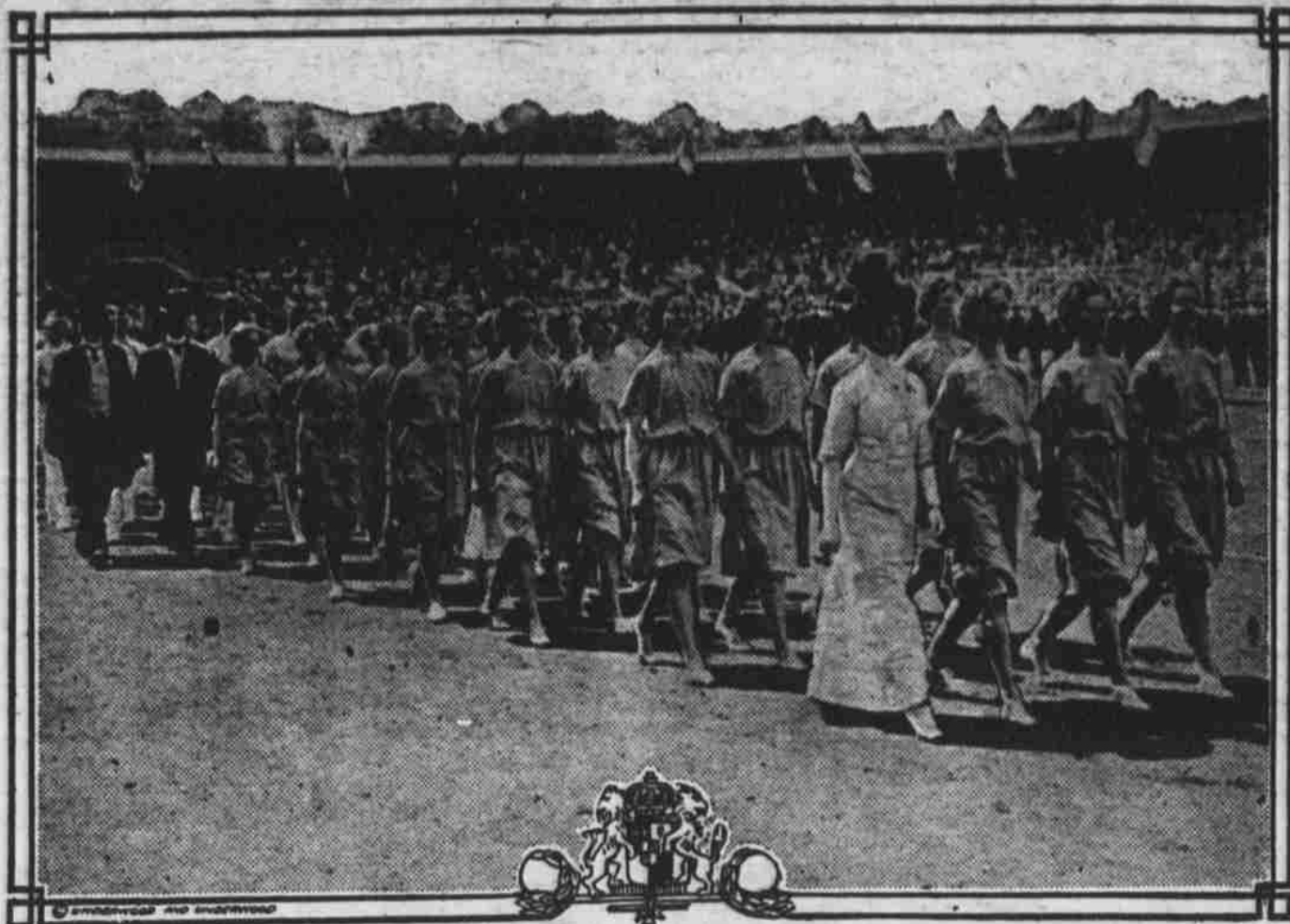
A modern Trilby breaks into print with the claim that she can be hypnotized into singing like a grand opera star. Why not make her debut before an audience of marines?

One professional aviator has given up his dangerous pursuit to win a bride. Naturally enough, his prospective wife did not like the idea of a husband always up in the air.

The pedestrian may be weary and worn with the heat, but the motor car pursues him with all its old time ferocity. We yearn for the sight of a motor car overcome by a sunstroke.

A fisherman claims that he has caught a catfish 131 years old in the Mississippi. Ordinary fishermen prevaricate about the weight of their catch, but this angler has originality.

SWEDEN'S WOMEN AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES



THIS photograph shows the parade of Sweden's women athletes around the Stadium at the Olympic games in Stockholm. These women gave a magnificent exhibition of gymnastic skill.

CHIEF OF CRIMINALS

"Lupo the Wolf," Closely Guarded in Federal Jail.

Authorities at Penitentiary in Atlanta, Ga., Believe Prisoner is Planning to Slay Sleuths Responsible for His Capture.

Atlanta, Ga.—"Lupo the Wolf," leader of the most daring band of criminals in America, is the most thoroughly guarded prisoner in the federal penitentiary in Atlanta since the discovery of two attempts of confederates to communicate with him in his cell, planning, it is said, the assassination of the detectives who ran him down.

Warden Moyer has been warned that Lupo and his band of assassins are plotting to take revenge upon Detectives William J. Flynn, District Attorney Smith, United States Judge George Ray and half a dozen others instrumental in sending him to prison. Lupo has yet twenty-three years of a twenty-five year term to serve. In another cell is his chief lieutenant, Giuseppe Morrello. The prison authorities know that determined and persistent efforts will be made by the hundred-odd members of the gang still at liberty to get them out.

Dispatches from New York say that Lupo's friends are bent upon revenging his conviction while awaiting an opportunity to secure his release. Lupo on his way to Atlanta vowed that before he died he would "get" Flynn, who, with a score of subordinates, arrested him at a farmhouse at Highland, N. Y., where he was engaged in counterfeiting.

When Morrello was nabbed a little

later, after a desperate battle in a New York den, he, too, vowed vengeance on Flynn and the secret service men who tore the gun and knives from his hands and dragged him unconscious to the Tombs.

More than all, Lupo wants revenge upon the spies who got into the councils of the Mafia band.

The prison authorities have taken precautions that no one shall see Lupo in prison who might even inadvertently carry some communication to him from the outside world. He is never allowed to speak to any one, especially Morrello, unless a guard is with him. His letters to and from the prison are carefully scanned. Every moment of his days and nights in prison he will be closely guarded and watched.

Meanwhile, biding his time, somewhere in this country is a Sicilian who has sworn to have the life of Lupo the Wolf the moment the Mafia chief quits the Atlanta prison. Lupo killed this man's brother in Sicily twelve years ago for refusing to join Lupo's foreign vendetta, and then fled to this country. It is said that this Sicilian has told friends that he will come to Atlanta in the hope of finding an opportunity to slay Lupo in prison.

Glves Life to Save \$65.

Fishkill Landing, N. Y.—Mrs. Andrew Reilly, 35 years old, was burned to death in her home near here. She was alone. When her house took fire she escaped. Remembering she had left \$65 in it, she went back. The woman, with her husband, came here three weeks ago from New York. The husband was employed as a blacksmith on the New York Central railroad.

BARONET SELLS NEWSPAPERS

Sir Henry Kellett of England, Reduced to Poverty, Enters Business at Melbourne, Australia.

London.—Behind the counter of a little cigar and newspaper store in the High street district of Kow, a suburb of Melbourne, Australia, stands throughout the day a suave, polite, courtly little man, greeting with bland smile and a grateful "much obliged, call again," all who choose to buy newspapers, cigars or tobacco of him.

Scarcely any of those who know him under the name he has assumed for more than fifteen years are aware of the fact that he is listed in the pages of Debrett as Sir Henry Kellett, baronet of the United Kingdom.

To the reporter of a Melbourne newspaper, who dug out the story of his descent from a high social position to the status of a humble shopkeeper, Sir Henry thus explained his position:

"I was left without a shilling and only the rudiments of an education; came out here to earn a living and have so far succeeded. I work from dawn to midnight. Don't you think under these circumstances it was wise for me to forget my title? Rather incongruous for 'Sir Henry and Lady Kellett' to be selling newspapers from behind a shop counter."

Old Men Must Not Flirt.

Chicago.—Judge Godnow has decided to give Frank Hughes, 61 years old, another chance. In the court of domestic relations Mrs. Hughes testified her husband took girls out riding in his automobile, one named "Tootsie" being a frequent occupant of the car. While the judge remarked that "There is no fool like an old fool," he did not feel like sending Hughes to the Bridewell and let him go, with an admonition to cease flirting.

Returned Evil for Good

Tramp Cared for by Clergyman for Three Years Robs His Benefactor—Is Now in Jail.

Detroit.—Rev. C. L. Arnold, head of the Arnold home, a charitable institution, is seeking the imprisonment for a long term of Claude Cameron. The clergyman and his wife had befriended Cameron and given him a chance to lead an honest life only to be subjected to robbery several times and finally assault when Cameron tried to shoot them.

"I first met the fellow three years ago," said Mr. Arnold, "when he came to the Arnold home looking like a tramp after having beaten his way from Toledo. He asked for something to eat and I gave him his dinner and a bath, afterward getting him a job. He stayed at the home and shortly after I got him the job he took the key to my house, which I kept at the home, went there and stole \$60. He then calmly went back to the home, put back the key and left. He returned later and I decided to forget the theft and give him another trial.

"I got him another job as night watchman for the Pere Marquette railroad, and for awhile he behaved himself. After three months, however, he broke into my house again and stole \$45.

"About three months afterward he sat in the alley beside my house one night while people were passing along the nearby avenue, and removed a pane of glass without breaking it. All he got for his trouble was Mrs. Ar-

nold's watch and a dollar's worth of stamps. When on the night of his last visit I found the screen tampered with I knew that Cameron was back again, and made up my mind to catch him."

Mr. Arnold notified the police of his suspicions and asked that his house be watched. That night the couple, who are well past middle life, looked over their house before going to bed, but somehow missed the spare bedroom. Cameron was there hiding. He heard them check up some accounts of the Arnold home and speak of \$75 that the minister had with him.

After the couple had gone to bed Cameron entered their room, and Mrs. Arnold awoke to find a revolver pointed at her. She screamed, and Mr. Arnold bounded out of bed and fought the intruder. The minister forced up the revolver and held it up while Cameron fired two shots. Mrs. Arnold finally got hold of a gold-headed cane belonging to her husband, and with this beat all the fight out of the man. Neighbors had heard the shots, and they and the police came after Cameron had been secured. The fellow was taken to jail, and is awaiting trial on several accounts that would keep him in a cell for life if he should get the full penalties.

Woman Refuses to Run.

Pasadena, Cal.—Maintaining that her first duty was to her children Mrs. A. L. Hamilton has refused to run for the assembly on the Prohibition ticket.

Sharp Pains In the Back

Point to Hidden Kidney Trouble. Have you a lame back, aching day and night?

Do you feel a sharp pain after bending over?

When the kidneys seem sore and the action irregular, use Doan's Kidney Pills, which have cured thousands.



An Illinois Case. H. H. Davis, 205 Commercial St., Danville, Ill., says: "I was completely laid up with kidney trouble and rheumatism. I spent several weeks in the hospital but was not helped. As a last resort, I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and was entirely cured. I have had no trouble since. Get Doan's at any Drug Store, 50c a Box."

Doan's Kidney Pills

BEYOND LIMIT OF PATIENCE

Uses of the Telephone Will Be Apt to Condense Mr. Busiman's Brief Loss of Temper.

He was just about exasperated with the telephone, was Mr. Busiman.

Ten times that morning he had tried to get on to a number, and each time something had prevented him from speaking. Either it was "number engaged," or the person he wanted to speak to was out, or else he had been suddenly cut off. At last he got through.

"Hallo!" said he. "Is Mr. X. there?"

"Yes," replied a voice. "Do you want to speak to him?"

That was the last straw. Back came the reply in icy tones:

"Oh, no! Nothing of the sort. I merely rung up to hand him a cigar!"

Quaker Oath. Two small boys in a family of Friends, writes a contributor, had a disagreement, during which the older boy became very much incensed.

Finally, no longer able to control himself, he took his brother by the shoulder and shook him, with the exclamation, "Oh, thee little you, thee!"

Then as the enormity of his offense came over him, he said, in a changed voice, "Don't tell mother I swore."—Youth's Companion.

A Bad Break. Slashes—Been in a fight? Masher—No. I tried to flirt with a pretty suffragette.—Judge.

FAMILY RUNT Kansas Man Says Coffee Made Him That.

"Coffee has been used in our family of eleven—father, mother, five sons and four daughters—for thirty years. I am the eldest of the boys and have always been considered the runt of the family and a coffee toper.

"I continued to drink it for years until I grew to be a man, and then I found I had stomach trouble, nervous headaches, poor circulation, was unable to do a full day's work, took medicine for this, that and the other thing, without the least benefit. In fact I only weighed 116 when I was 28.

"Then I changed from coffee to Postum, being the first one in our family to do so. I noticed, as did the rest of the family, that I was surely gaining strength and flesh. Shortly after I was visiting my cousin who said, 'You look so much better—you're getting fat.'

"At breakfast his wife passed me a cup of coffee, as she knew I was always such a coffee drinker, but I said, 'No, thank you.'

"'What!' said my cousin, 'you quit coffee? What do you drink?'

"'Postum,' I said, 'or water, and I am well.' They did not know what Postum was, but my cousin had stomach trouble and could not sleep at night from drinking coffee three times a day. He was glad to learn about Postum, but said he never knew coffee would hurt anyone." (Tea is just as injurious as coffee because it contains caffeine, the same drug found in coffee.)

"After understanding my condition and how I got well he knew what to do for himself. He discovered that coffee was the cause of his trouble as he never used tobacco or anything else of the kind. You should see the change in him now. We both believe that if persons who suffer from coffee drinking would stop and use Postum they could build back to health and happiness." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter. A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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